

# \*\*\*Pro Wrestling Sushi\*\*\*

To Subscribe: Send \$1.50 per issue (up to \$18) to Jeff Mullins, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

"If gaining a working knowledge of Lucha Libre is not your concern [because you are stuck in the past] then there's nothing wrong with that, if you don't consider yourself a serious reporter on the subject."

-- Final in a series of roughly translated quotes from a rare editorial (concerning underground newsletter coverage of Mexico's AAA-Lucha Libre promotion) by Dave Meltzer in the 4/4/94 *Wrestling Observer Newsletter*.

(SNS -- Sushi News Service Story)

## Newsletter editor, wrestling promoter to switch jobs!

Minneapolis, MN -- Top executives of a popular underground wrestling newsletter and a major professional wrestling organization have announced a talent trade (of sorts), one that will 1) have Wade Keller, editor of *Pro Wrestling Torch*, replace Eric Bischoff as WCW's vice-present in charge of wrestling, and 2) see Eric Bischoff take over as publisher of the weekly *Torch*.

According to Mom Keller, chief of operations at the suburban home where Wade publishes the nation's #2 grap sheet, the six-month-long switch will take place July 5, when Eric moves into Wade's swank, remodeled, upstairs-attic bedroom/den/office complex (known as "Tiny Towers") in Minneapolis, while in Orlando, Florida, Wade will ride a shiny yellow-and-red convertible through the horn-tooting, confetti-falling, crowd infested "streets" of DisneyWorld enroute to WCW's new headquarters located inside the Mickey Mouse Pavilion.

## 'Mas\_\_Sus\_\_' name-change? (It was only a gimmick. Really!)

Hello, everyone! Or, I should say...

Hello, a-l-m-o-s-t everyone, namely those of you unflinching Sushigangsters who remained cool, calm, and collected and did not go into ballistic states of freak-out when it looked like we were about to change the name of this newsletter to *Mascarito Susheeto*, turning it into a publication covering mostly Mexico's lucha libre style of wrestling!

Jeez, people!

It was only an editorial! (See the 5/27 issue.) We were only trying to make a point about the lucha libre style of wrestling versus the steroids style of wrestling. For Pete's sake, we weren't abandoning our wrestling roots or renouncing our U.S. citizenship!

When Dave Meltzer wrote his powerful editorial about lucha libre on 4/4, did a bunch of his readers suddenly freak out and go south? (Uh, poor choice of words and compass direction there, since a lot of Dave's readers actually did freak out and go south, to Tijuana, on 5/27, for AAA's TripleMania II-C card, but, well, you get my drift.)

And again, for goodness sakes, we were only kidding about the name change!

The name-change gimmick was just that, a (cough-cough!) harmless little angle to get your attention. A rassling-styled diversion to stress the fact that we are making important modifications around here--like no more vicious Meltzer "*bashing*" (as opposed to gentle Meltzer "*ribbing*!") That we are publishing monthly now, at the old sub price of \$1.50 per issue (\$2.50 for overseas via international postal money orders.) That the red digits on your envelope represent your sub balance in *dollars & cents*, and that once again we will accept personal checks from U.S. subscribers as long as the checks are made payable to "Jeff Mullins" and not to Sushi, nor Pro Wrestling Sushi, nor--Heaven forbid!--(ha-ha-ha!) *Mascarito Susheeto*!

Sure, as lucha libre continues to make inroads into the U.S. (see the special new "lucha" section inside!), and as long as these excursions are profitable (or seem to be potentially profitable by the promoters) lucha is going to play an increasingly important role in the pro wrestling scene here in North America. And, yes, as lucha's role expands, we here in Sushiland are going to keep our eye on it, at least to the extent that it is of interest to us and our readers.

But, jeez!

For anyone to think this sheet would become *un-American*, or that its editor and staff plan to turn their backs on the kind of U.S. wrestling, U.S. booking, U.S. showmanship, U.S.



personalities, and squared-circle U.S. politics that have delighted and driven us crazy (beyond belief!) for so many years, well, hombres, that's just plumb loco.

Anyway, congratulations to Justin Hoyer of Stony Point, New York. Justin was the first to come closest to guessing that *Mascarito Susheeto* was going to be this sheet's *fake* new name, the *actual* new name being one of the original *old* names which the sheet was once called long before it became known as the "Son of", which, of course, it will no longer be known as. Hey, if professional wrestlers can work entire careers using reams of various monikers and identities, then a sheet like this one--which at different times has been known as *Ring Worms & Roller Babes*, *RWRB-Pro Wrestling Sushi*, *PWS*, *Son of PWS*, almost known as *Masarito Susheeto!*, and once again will be known as *Pro Wrestling Sushi*--well, we're just keeping the tradition alive!

Yes, *Pro Wrestling Sushi* is 'back' (with an arm and a shoulder to follow!) For those of you who notice such things, this issue has been accurately labeled "Issue #60" since that is how many editions we have published in one form or another, off and on now, since we put out our first issue in 1989. Yes, *Pro Wrestling Sushi* is back--American born, American bred, red-white-and-blue 'til the day we're dead!

Come to think of it (all kidding aside), "death" almost became us earlier this month when, while riding my mountain bike, I misjudged a pothole and did a legit, Evel Knievel-styled "sunset flip" at a downhill speed of about 30 mph onto some busy street pavement which, aside from numerous contusions and according to X-rays, broke my right collar bone in half, causing "Maxx Payne," mucho road rash, and most of this issue to be keyboarded *lucha libre*-style, as in "working" from the left side, i.e., typing left-handed, which is how I'll be working for a while, since the right arm and shoulder, at this point, are practically next to useless. (Mmmmmm, is this some sort of delayed Papa Shango voo doo-styled consequence or "Ultimate Revenge thing" for all the Meltzer bashing we've promised not to do any more?) According to everyone in the hospital emergency room, I was extremely lucky my injuries were not worse, that I was wearing a helmet (which absorbed a few Vader-like blows), and that rush hour traffic didn't mistake me for a large lump of road kill in need of further tenderizing. (How Jack and Sabu return night after night after doing what they do to their bodies is beyond me, since I'm having difficulty even sitting still while typing this.)

Anyway, despite the above, this sheet will still be coming out on schedule and then some, with the next "regular" issue set to appear right after WCW's 7/17 BEACH BASH from Orlando, plus a "special" post KING OF THE RING, Sabu in San Jose, Art Barr Homecoming, and WCW's CLASH issue which you should receive next week if your sub balance is current. Now, if only this new Mac could fold paper, lick stamps, and do envelopes...

(SNS)

## Bischoff's moves at the Torch seem familiar?

Orlando, FL -- Changes and new policies which Eric Bischoff is expected to make when he takes over publication of *Pro Wrestling Torch* on 7/5, include 1) replacing respected columnist Bruce Mitchell with Michael "Let's Get R-r-r-ready to R-r-r-rumble" Buffer (like he did to the very respected Gary Capetta at WCW), 2) telling columnist Carlie Gill she's going to have to "put out a heck of a lot more, if you know what I mean" or she can hit the Al-Can Highway running (ala' Missy Hyatt), 3) replacing columnist Mark Madden with Ole Anderson (after Ole wins a "Poetic Justice On a Desk Top Computer Match" against Madden), and 4) forcing columnist Chris Zavisla to once and for all either explain what a "Bento Box" really is, or get stuffed into one and find himself hanging from the hummingbird feeder.

Bischoff, who in a recent *Torch* interview was critical of the way many sheets are put together, said that readers who send him letters with poor spelling and lousy punctuation will be visited by copy editor Kevin Sullivan, who will slap the consonants and vowels out of them faster than O.J. Simpson can flee a crime scene.

After seeming to hesitate for a few months, probably to allow subscribers a chance to re-order at the old rate (following initial warnings that the price of his weekly newsletter would go up, as well as the number of pages from ten to twelve), on 6/20, Dave Meltzer announced new subscription rates and--thanks to the additional two pages--a commitment that the Readers Pages in his *Wrestling Observer Newsletter* will appear more consistently than during the past year or so. What will be interesting is what exactly will take place on those additional pages. Will they simply contain more of the same, or will the Readers Pages be allowed to come alive again, glimmers of which have been seen from time to time, recalling the middle and late 80's when letters in the Readers Pages and Meltzer's own responses to them was, well, a bit more swinging than it has been during almost the past half decade.

(SNS)

## Keller to kick major butt while running WCW!

Minneapolis, MN -- According to Wade Keller, in regards to when he takes over WCW, he will require Cactus Jack & Kevin Sullivan to quit licking the Nasty Boys in those brutal "Street Fight" matches of their's and start licking postage stamps for the office mail.



Keller will send Ray "Big Bubba-Bossman-Guardian Angle" Traylor to New York to ensure "order in the court" during the "McMahon vs. America" steroids trial. He'll order Mean Gene to conduct real 900-line polls and abide by the wisdom of the fans, and, once he's finally moved into Eric's office, Wade plans to call in Hogan, Flair, Vader, Pillman (and Sherri Martel), and show them all, once and for all, who's the real man at WCW!

"Yeah," says Keller (who is a legit black belt in karate), "Vader gives me any of that churlish attitude of his and--*swish-slash!*--off come his lips! Flair gives me any of his typical purple-faced yelling crap and--*swish-slash!*--off comes his hair! Hogan gives me any crap about doing the "big job" when I want the "big job" done and--*squish-whoomph!*--about ten boxes of Hulk's new WCW made-for-Xmas action figures get parked where the moon don't shine!"

When asked if he would explain what he meant by the sound effects "*snap-twang-humpity-thumpity-bump!*" in response to what he said he would do to Sherri Martel if she tried to manipulate him with her warm, supple breasts, or if she attempted to distract him with her wild, exotic lips, or if she tried to intimidate him with her vast array of other sexually explicit weapons of sensuousness and seduction, Keller winked and said he'd write about it in a fourteen part series for the *Torch's* "Below the Bottom Line" when he returns to the helm of the *Torch* at the first of the year.

It is interesting to note that at one time, by Dave Meltzer's own admission, letters to the editor were the most popular section of the *Observer*, a condition which has waned over the past four or five years due in great part to Meltzer's decision to limit controversy in his sheet as well as a decision to limit the number of letters appearing by certain writers who (while they are gifted, informed, interesting, and entertaining) were also achieving "cult-like" status which, for reasons never fully explained, Meltzer has wanted to avoid. Also, lately, Dave has frequently omitted the Readers Pages altogether, opting to forego plugs and readers opinions for more straight-forward information and results, including more box score-like match reports and info from places like Japan, as well as the exceptionally good coverage and "first hand" reports about the lucha libre matches in Mexico and the spread of lucha into the United States. I hope nobody gets me wrong, here. Even without the additional two pages, I'd be happy to pay more for the *Observer*, but, like I said, I am eager to see how 20% more space will be utilized.

(SNS)

## Another costly law suit for Titan?

STAMFORD, CT -- Sushi News Service (SNS) has learned that Vince McMahon may be sued by yet another disgruntled Titan employee:

- \* Not by someone who wants his job back as a (reported) sexually molested ring boy, like Tom Cole!

- \* Not by somebody who wants her job back as a (self-proclaimed) sexually harassed referee, like Rita Marie Chatterton!

- \* Not by someone who wants oodles of unpaid video-tape royalties, like when Jesse "The Body" Ventura nailed Titan for almost a million dollars a few months ago!

- \* Not by somebody who wants \$25 million in personal injury damages, like the Marty Jannetty-crippled jobber Chris "What's a Bump?" Austin received a month ago for inexperience!

- \* And not for the whole Ball O' Wax, sought by the FBI, which wants to send McMahon to the showers (prison showers, that is!) for the alledged distribution and sale of illegal steroids.

No, apparently this particular WWF staff member only wants a record \$100 million for being subjected to all five of the above humiliaties which, according to the litigant, were suffered, just before, during, and right after a recent WWF mega-event.

When more about this surprising case and exactly who is involved become available, rest assured (as sure as the hair on Howard Finkel's head!) that as soon as our "source" inside the WWF gets in touch, SNS will report the details!

By charging what amounts to be a yearly subscription increase of only \$13 for the *Wrestling Observer Newsletter*, no one is really getting hurt by the 16.7% price hike, unless, of course, a lot of *Observer* subscribers who don't have the bank roll of a Million Dollar Man--in order to pay for the increase--decide they can live without one SMW tape a year, an inexpensive bit of memorabilia, two less phone calls to the REAL WRESTLING HOTLINE, or a subscription to any of the secondary sheets, like this one and others, whose annual subscription rates amount to just about the cost of the *Observer's* price hike over one year.

(SNS)

## Something 'growing' in Cactus Jack's ear (and it isn't wax!)

Yucca Flats, NM -- Curious as to why most of Cactus Jack's ear broke off when his head became twisted in the ring ropes during a match against Vader, WCW doctors (while performing



a pre-operative exam) discovered a small green plant growing inside Jack's damaged ear.

According to Dr. Bud Waterman, from Stanford Medical Center in Northern California, "The root system of the leafy plant now growing deep within Jack's ear-canal was robbing the outside portion of his ear of adequate blood supply causing it to become extremely brittle and ripe for a break."

According to Dr. Waterman, the small pea (or lima bean), which has already germinated and is growing in Jack's ear, will be surgically removed after Jack's tag-team match when he and Kevin Sullivan face the Nasty Boys at the 6/23 Clash.

Actually, I am surprised Meltzer did not raise the (essential) price of a yearly subscription to the *Observer* to \$2 per copy versus the \$1.75 it will now cost readers who order 12 or more issues at a time. Unlike government taxes, which are often raised without the payee being able to clearly see or experience the benefits, and unlike the prices now being charged for our favorite breakfast cereals (No matter how much "bigger" and "better" they make Coco Puffs, air is still air!), I would have willingly paid an additional 50-cents a copy for the *Observer*. Why? It's simple. Even at the new yearly rate of \$91 dollars a year, the *Observer* (and the addictive stuff that Meltzer puts into it), is still the cheapest legal mind-altering drug known to man, a "drug" you can use and abuse and obsess on, and still be able to drive an automobile while under the influence of it, and even pass a sobriety test whenever the cops pull you over with it laying on the passenger seat--staple removed!--in plain sight. Actually, when you come down to it, for many of us, even for those of us who once harshly bashed Meltzer and now only gently rib him, the *Observer* is more than a drug of choice; it is like water to a fish, wind to a bird, laughter to a comedian, and cement to Cactus Jack. For those of us who have enjoyed graps ever since we were introduced to it, but would have never known how it works, and were forever frustrated because of our lack of this knowledge and because of the way we were often treated by those who "knew" how it worked, the *Observer* is not only the "missing link" found, but it is also the reason many of us continue to follow wrestling more consistently now, rather than off and on, a point which, I am sure, is lost on more than a few generations of promoters, bookers, and wrestlers who still cling too dearly to some of the "old school" ways.

(SNS)

## Origin of 'object' in Cactus Jack's ear revealed!

Yucky Fats, NM -- When asked whether the bean (which is now growing inside his ear) came from a garbage can during one of his brutal falls count anywhere matches against the Nastys, Cactus Jack smiled the way he does when he's going to say something profound and, with those mischievous beady black eyes peeking out from behind strands of unkempt hair, he told our SNS reporter in that high-pitched wailing voice of his, "The small bean... inside my ear... is a 'magic' bean... Oh, yes! A magic bean sold to me by... a small elf... an elf wearing a little pointed cap who told me... to... stick the bean in my ear... for good luck... and to then serve notice to WCW that I'm not going to renew my contract after it expires in September, bang-bang!"

Asked how he knew he could trust his career to this particular elf, that maybe the elf was an evil gnome who did not have Jack's best interests at heart, Jack said the elf was the same one who convinced Brutus Beefcake to take up para-gliding, Dino Bravo to take up smoking, and Jimmy Snuka to take English lessons, and, "Hey, they all got over!"

I'm a bit late to the feeding frenzy on this one, but are those revenue-generating 900 polls (taken by WCW and the WWF regarding earth-shaking decisions which have already been made) really all that bogus or fraudulent? It always seems a bit funny and ironic when people use these terms whenever pointing out that promotions are ripping off callers, for instance, when WCW urges its marks to dial and vote--with cash--whether WCW should invite Hulk Hogan to dinner, when, in fact, Hogan is already at the table gorging himself. The point being, if we're always pointing out that an expensive 900-line call about one aspect of a fake sport is fraud whenever it seems that way, then why don't we also point out that every match or every interview we see is also bogus, seeing as how the match outcomes are predetermined and how, like when Jerry Lawler and Roddy Piper blast each other, they're really just "pretending" to hate each other's guts. I dunno, call me picky, but when you spare no rod when you're nailing Vince's ass to the wall for the steroids deal and then you use the same heat, intensity, or moral tones to describe the comparatively innocuous work of the 900 polls, it does sort of blur perspective and minimize the really important issue. Not to mention, of course, for the marks out there who really want to think that their votes count, that they are taking part in something important, it's sort of like interrupting the Xmas parade by chasing after the Kris Kringle float and holding up a sign that says, "Hey, kids, Santa is a fake!"

(SNS)

## "It's growing! God, it's growing!"

Yuh Gotta Fax It, NM -- The above words were screamed in astonishment two days ago by Cactus Jack's ear surgeon as he described the 90-foot tall bean-stalk now growing from Cactus



Jack's injured ear.

"Please, allow us to operate now, Jack! Let us remove the bean-stalk, now, before it reaches the clouds!"

"No-o-o-o!" wailed Cactus Jack, his arms and legs wrapped tightly around the thick trunk of the bean-stalk growing from his ear. "The elf who sold me the little magic bean said there would be well-meaning people like yourself who would want to convince me I'm crazy for giving notice to WCW and who would also want to chop down my marvelous bean-stalk!"

"And, I suppose, it was the same little elf who told you to disregard the ear drops I prescribed for you and, instead, told you to pour into your ear what once filled this now empty barrel of MIRACLE GROW?!"

"Well...yes."

"Why, Jack? Why would you stick a bean in your ear? Why would you tell WCW you're quitting when you're on top? And why would you fertilize this bean which has produced a stalk which has grown through the clouds and is now heading toward the sky! Why would you do these things? Wouldn't your parents let you have a small garden in the back yard when you were a kid?!"

"My destiny lies beyond the clouds of dysfunction and dispare!"

"Kevin! Come here and slap some sense into someone!"

SLAP!!!

"Not me, Kevin, him!"

"Hey, Doc, I think that's what set him off in the first place. Know what I mean?"

Well, I've got to admit it. WCW's Hogan parade and press conference from DisneyWorld on 6/11 had me glued to the TV set, the one that is connected to the VCR that usually tapes TBS Saturday Night while I'm watching Galavision's AAA lucha shows on the other TV. True, the Galavision shows recently have not been as spectacular, or as interesting, or as solid as the shows of a couple months ago (despite what you've been reading elsewhere), but even if the 6/11 lucha show was a really good one, I still would have watched the Hogan signing-debut. Although it was overdone, with Mean Gene overselling like a shoe salesman with a quota to meet, with Heenan hissy-fitting like my aunt when we were kids and would toss a dead rat into her kitchen, making little sense as to why he is so worked up over Hogan coming in, and with those large plate-sized flakes of confetti which were falling on every nook and cranny in DisneyWorld (except on Hogan and the car he was riding in: as in Teflon Man?), it was just peculiar enough, different enough, whacky enough to pull me away from the lucha show and watch the hype unfold. When the bogus "press" corps began asking its predetermined set-ups, I fantasized nasty Sam Donaldson of ABC News sneaking into camera range and asking, "Say, Mr. Hogan, are you going to testify during the 'McMahon vs. America' steroids trial this summer and, if so, when you put your hand on the Bible and swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nuttin' but the truth, are you going to keep your fingers crossed as you work the jury?" Yeah, maybe the brains at WCW are finally going to do it right this time, but during the climax portion of the parade, am I the only one who wanted to see a sudden commotion within the crowd as Goofy suddenly breaks away from Mickey and Donald and charges the convertible, drops Jimmy Hart with a clothesline, and then does a tope onto the Hulkster, busting him open about as wide as he grins, with Okerlund going nuts like he's going into labor, later to have it revealed that inside the Goofy costume was none other than that infamous wrestler known as Oh, My God, We're Out of Television Time!?

(SNS)

## Jack in the bean stalk!

So Long Maxx, NM -- In a scene reminiscent of anything that the artists at Disney may have thrown onto the big screen during the past 60 years, or, if you will, for those of you who remember the final, cloud-swirling, lightning-flashing, heaven-parting minutes of Stephen Spielberg's CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, professional wrestler Cactus Jack was last seen climbing a bean stalk that is growing from his ear and disappearing through a thick multi-colored layer of swirling clouds. To what end and for what purpose Jack has left the major league of professional wrestling, only time and the weekly sheets will tell.

Who knows? Maybe when Cactus Jack's contract runs out in September, and if he doesn't re-sign, maybe Jack will set out to find the marbles he's been searching for most of his bizarre, bump-taking, pro grappling career. Then again, maybe Jack's not so dumb after all. He's had a terrific run this time in WCW. Before his gimmick has a chance to grow stale, why not leave the promotion when you're hot and pick-up on some of the independent cash out there? With Hogan coming in, even if you are hot, with the push WCW is going to give Hogan-Flair, the pushes for most of what's left over are going to be somewhat pale in comparison (unless of course, you're the son of a plumber's son.) So, maybe you leave WCW and fix the ear. Maybe you don't fix the ear. (Do living bump-legends really need two of those soft, pink, scalloped-looking things sticking out from the sides of their heads?) And maybe, just maybe, when Hogan-Flair begins to cool, when other programs, angles, and contracts have run their courses, Cactus Jack is sitting in a pretty good position when WCW starts looking around and wondering, "Who's out there?" Of course,



maybe finding his marbles--or the road less taken, which is the road Jack took when he walked into WCW in the first place--is just what the doctor ordered.

Guest Column: by Montebello's most serious wrestling fan...

## **Life, liberty, & the pursuit of graps (100 miles north of Luchaland!)**

A fax from Steve Yohe, amid Southern California's heat, traffic, and sin (while doing 90 mph down the L.A. Freeway!)

My sympathies travel with the editor of this newsletter in his quest to have this publication recognized as being something more than just a "comedy" sheet.

Over the years, more than any other subscriber, I believe, I have been able to read between the lines to recognize the very serious social issues exposed thru the editor's humor. In fact, I have often spent up to an hour or more contemplating the surprising revelations which Jeff Mullins has brought to my attention.

Personally, however, I have no use for comedy when it comes to making jokes (just to get laughs) at the expense of professional wrestling. Without purpose or meaning, comedy about wrestling is a waste of time (and it even annoys me.) For me, like for many others I'm sure, professional wrestling is serious stuff, and whenever I write about it, I intend to keep it that way. In other words, I'll leave the social satire and comedy to Jeff Mullins and his (ahem) "family", since I have no intention of writing anything funny for this sheet.

Before I get to the key topics I want to bring up this month, I'd like to make one thing perfectly clear to Mr. Mullins.

Jeff, keep your fucking nephew away from me!

I hate kids!

I haven't seen one yet that isn't short!

Have you seen the things that come out of their noses?!

It's disgusting.

It's even worse when they've got a misguided intelligence and a witty mouth to match, like that little Jubie Jay Mullins (or whatever you're calling him this month!)

What he said in response to my letter in the 5/21 issue, about my dear friend John Williams, was totally uncalled for, saying he's a Michael Buffer type who sucks eggs and "loves himself!" (Hey, I never mentioned the masturbation thing in my letter! Only a kid would be so cruel to bring it up!)

Despite some of the things I mentioned in my letter about him, John Williams is really a warm sensitive human being who doesn't deserve ridicule from a little runt like Jubie Jaycito Payaso Whomever he is! John Williams is a classy guy, a discrete person who I know would never print anything in a wrestling sheet condescending or demeaning to his relationship with his true friend, me, Steve Yohe, who he respects almost on the level of Dave Meltzer. Why, he even told me as much on Friday, May 27, in the late afternoon, when he called at the last minute and offered me the last seat in his car for the drive down to Tijuana, Mexico, to see Triple-Mania II-C that evening. I mean, he could have called Roy Lucier!

Yes, John Williams has too much dignity to engage in petty feuding with me, or Jeff's creep nephew, or anyone else for that matter. And as long as I can somehow continue to prevent John from reading the 5/21 issue of your sheet, things will stay this way! Of course, in the event someone like Roy Lucier shows John Williams the 5/21 issue, I want to take a page from editor Jeff Mullins' book of admissions and regrets regarding his own problems with Dave Meltzer and go on record, now, saying I am truly sorry for any embarrassment that the 5/21 issue may cause John Williams, and I can only hope for John's forgiveness. I guess I'm just a wrestling jerk. (And please, remember, I know *nothing* about the masterbation thing. Nothing!)

Now, let's get down to some serious wrestling business.

Being the world's greatest Destroyer fan, I called Dick Beyer last week and he denied that there was any truth to the rumor that Barry Windham's medical release was signed by Dr. X (or that Dave Meltzer had his appendix removed by the legendary Masked Interns.)

Triple-A sure is a fun promotion. I hear they've been picking the main event winners for their latest Triple-Mania cards from those wrestlers who pass the nightly sobriety test. They suspend wrestlers, then reconsider because they feel sorry for the poor wrestler not having enough denaro to buy his daily fix. They moved Triple-Mania Two Part "C" to Friday 5/27 (from Sunday 5/29) because someone booked a small card in Las Vegas on Saturday and everyone wanted to party after the matches with Mike Tenay. A fun company.

While on the subject of Lucha Libre, two weeks ago I had a conversation with "Philosopher King" James Hobeck at the EMLL/MWF lucha card at the Olympic. We wondered if Vampiro Canadiense's tatoos hurt his appearance. I said that hip people today think tatoos are "cool" and they're all getting them. Jame's said that piece of information tells you something about the state of wrestling today. "You go to the bookstore and they've got 14 magazines on tatoos and only four about wrestling."

Back in the early days of Japanese wrestling, Freddie Blassie had a TV match where he bit open Rickidozan's forehead causing so much blood that three viewers at home died from heart attacks. The next week the Japanese producers solved their problem by changing the TV show from color back to black and white.

As far as I am concerned, Harvey Whippleman's pantsing of Howard Finkel at MSG (revealing WWF shorts!) should be considered "exposing the business..."



Hanging around with bigshot lawyers like Bob Barnett and John Williams has revealed to me a rumor that Jimmy Snuka is being sued by All Japan Wrestling. Seems that Jimmy has been stealing his ECW interviews from speeches originally given by Rusher Kimura. Wasn't a bad idea. Just wish Jimmy knew some Japanese for his translation.

Which reminds me... John Williams has told me many times he thinks Jubie Whatever is the best thing in this sheet, while I just wish the runt would picnic beneath the falling buttocks of one Yokozuna. Which also reminds me...Williams has finally explained to me the word "obtuse", using it in a description of Yokozuna's butt, which I feel is also "oblong", which just goes to show you, I guess, that it has the ability to take all kinds of different shapes and forms as it travels thru space. Very interesting, don't you agree?

\*

## You said it!

\*

Notable, quotable pearls of wit, wisdom & wrestling wonderment--not from Bobby Heenan--but from you, our readers!

REGARDING THE FORMER SUBSCRIPTION POLICY, READERS SAID: "No more SASEs? Darn!!--Terry Baker, Wichita, KS... Personally, I never had a problem folding envelopes!--William L. Burnett, Mempho, TN

REGARDING CLOTHING WORN BY ONE OF OUR WRESTLING ROLE MODELS, A READER SAID: "Yow! I can't wait to see what new piece of "King of the Ring" apparel Todd Pettengill is wearing this week on the updates!"--Brent Siewert, Kirkland, WA.[Brent, were you being facetious? If so, Todd won't like it. Todd won't like it at all. Todd's going to get po'd, Brent. And he'll call Sushiland, wanting to know your phone number, where you live, where your kids go to school, what route you take when you drive to work. As you know, in this section (within reason) readers don't have to apologize to anyone. And we are not going to force you to apologize to Todd. However, in this case we must make an exception. Brent, think about it. Pettengill is an evil man. If you've watched him on *WWF Mania*, then you know how he deals with people. Look at how he treats Macho Man and Mr. McMahon when their backs are turned. Look at how he treats that poor studio gofer named George. (One can only *imagine* what Pettengill does with George when the cameras are off!) And what about Okerlund and Heenan? Don't you think it was just a little suspicious that Todd Pettengill boarded the Good Ship Titan and, soon thereafter, Weasel and Mean Gene disappeared? Without a trace?! (Sure, eventually they surfaced within the ranks of WCW, but in some circles--before the Hogan parade in DisneyWorld--that's considered "without a trace!") Brent, get on the phone, now, and call Todd and tell him you were only kidding. Tell him you really *admire* his wardrobe. That you are truly sorry and will never be critical of his slick tee-shirts again! Do it Brent. For your sake, and for the sake of everyone you call a loved one! Call Mr. Pettengill now and beg for mercy! ...Or may God rest your soul.--JM]

REGARDING THE NEW SUSHEE ATTITUDE, SOME OF YOU SAID: "Soooo, now Sushi is a bit more serious. Watching Sushi "turn" is like watching the Hulkster transform himself into the 1-2-3 Kid, or like witnessing Jim Hellwig become the Ultimate Shrinking Warrior!--Richard Siegel, M.D., Bethpage, NY... I am enjoying the latest incarnation of Sushi. It's proving to be a living, breathing document, evolving like our Constitution!--John Mohlman, Pittsburgh, PA... A kinder, gentler Sushi? Say what? You're dealing with a heel crowd. Don't turn face on us. This sociopathic sport succeeds when you draw heat. Hold up a liquer store, you'll feel better! "M\_S\_" equals "Masochist Sushman!--Bob Barnett, Santa Monica, CA... Why do I get the feeling this sheet's new "M\_S\_" title is going to stand for "Milder Sushi?"--Robert Garrison, Raytown, MO... "Mascarita Sushiita?"--Greg Petrosino, Bel Air, MD... You talk about Dave Mozzerella filling his sheet with foreign stuff, and the last two issues of your sheet (What is it, anyway? "Mascarita Sushito!") is filled with foreign content. By the way, that Californulan dude, Steve Yohe, complaining about folding envelopes to fit into another of the same size? Does it take a Russian with only a few "cents" to think about using a larger envelope to mail them in? No matter what you do, just promise me there will continue to be more Death Laughs in future issues!--Jusin Hoyer, Stony Point, NY...

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## Readers' Conundrums

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Waldenesque-styled ponderings, puzzles, and other wicked little grap apples (which raise even more questions!)

With Cactus Jack losing most of an ear and Sabu recently working with two broken and infected hands--the tendons which he bound together with KrazyGlue, how long will it be before the WWF's Gorilla Monsoon announces the ring entrance of "Stumpy", the first quadruple-amputee grappler? Are we ready for flying "stumpkicks?" "Stumperlines?" "Figure-four-stumplocks?" And just how the hell would you make this guy submit?... I just re-read the Readers Pages of the 5/26 Observer, you know, the issue where the editor went nuts answering questions. Did Meltzer take all the rest of his arm pain pills at once? Or did you and he switch bodies like in the Disney flick FREAKY FRIDAY? That issue was more



hilarious and bizarre than MARRIED WITH CHILDREN!--Matt Creamer, Winnebago, WI. . . Will inductees into the WWF's HALL OF FAME be tested for steroids? . . . Since poor Dutch Mantel has been forced to leave the United States, allegedly over his involvement in the Whitewater scandal, are there any plans for a presidential pardon, or will Dutch only be able to return to the states under a hood as Mr. Wrestling III? . . . The Nikolai Volkoff angle is a SHOOT, isn't it? . . . As the WWF builds toward SummerSlam and an Alundra Blaze vs. Luna Vachon "Ladies Title Match" (with the loser required to marry EDDIE GILBERT), one wonders, does Eddie have a preference, or is one gold-digging blonde pretty much the same as another? . . . Will the upcoming "ressurrection" angle in the WWF expose the Undertaker as being a VON ERICH? . . . We've all been decimated by Terry Gordy's condition. But is it true that Gordy's I.Q. has dropped so low that Jim Cornette is considering using Gordy as a ringsider at SMW events? And what if Michael "P.S." Hayes sends Jimmy Jam Garvin to Pikesville, instead? Will the commissioner allow it? . . . Just on the principle of things, shouldn't Big Bossman also be required to pay damages to RODNEY KING? . . . Whereas all the talk centers around Hogan-Flair, the REAL MONEY is probably in Hogan vs. Vader in about a year. With that in mind, how long will it take Brutus Beefcake to pin Vader in their match at Halloween Havoc? . . . How can anyone from Pittsburgh, who's involved in any aspect of wrestling, consider himself a "LIVING LEGEND"? . . . Any chance that Duke "THE DUMPSTER" Drose is an informant of the FBI who will testify against McMahon if needed? He has "plainclothes" written all over him. . . . What is the single MOST DISGUSTING incident in wrestling history? A) When Peter Mavia had a ukelale smashed against his head? B) When Jimmy Snuka had a coconut smashed against his head? or C) When Fabulous Moolah tried to squeeze into that Spider-lady outfit? . . . As the Titan-ka/I.R.S. feud revisits the Indian vs. U.S. battles of yesteryear, wouldn't it be a little more clever to bring in Arn Anderson and have the charismatic Indian meet his people's most feared enemy--AA? . . . And, indeed, if WWF Hall of Fame inductees must pass a steroids test, is that why Ric McGraw isn't being inducted?--John Mohlman, Pittsburgh, PA. . . Which major promotion has submoronic characters? HINT: A race car driver (named "Sparky"), a pseudo honkeytonk man (who can't sing), and a female champion (whose name sounds like that of a Cabbage Patch Doll.)... Speaking of females, what sort of young woman would be proud to be called... "Dirty White Girl?"--Dr. Richard Siegel, Bethpage, NY. . .

## Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor

### **'Rodney does not torture farm animals..'**

I really enjoyed the latest issue of...well...whatever it's called. The first issue should satisfy any readers who felt a bit dissatisfied with the apparent non-conclusion to the Meltzer controversy. Now I understand everything. I spoke with Rodney Leighton last night to tell him that the first edition was close to being an "All Leighton Issue" and he is looking forward to seeing it. By the way, with reference to your comments about how Rodney treats ducks before he plops them into his soup pot, Rodney does not torture farm animals; in fact, he LOVES them, if you know what I mean!

Vic Stanley

Des Plaines, IL

[Editor's note: Mr. Stanley is the former editor of *Screwjob Endings* which, in some form or another, may (or may not) make a one shot reappearance this year wherein Mr. Stanley will share with the world his screenplay for FUGITIVE 2. Reportedly Mr. Stanley's sequel to last summer's blockbuster movie will star Cactus Jack as the "One Eared Man", or as "Dr. Cactus Jack Kervorkian--Psycho Podiatrist", whose patients die mysteriously during routine union surgery!]

### **Sid Viciousness-like...**

Glad to hear there is a truce on the viciousness (oops...sorry to bring up the "Squeegie Man") toward Dave Meltzer. Commentary like that can work for a while, but, indeed, if it affects one's personal relationships, then I agree it's time to rein it in a bit.

Brent Siewert

Kirkland, WA

### **Is this 'bashing?' Or simply good, clean, squared-circle fun?**

I don't feel an apology to Dave Meltzer was necessary. Dave deserves all the piledrivers you can give him. The ultimate humiliation would be if Jubie Jay got his hands on Dave in the wrestling ring. I can see it now. The match is signed. Jubie Jay starts the match by sending Dave reeling backwards with Ric Flair like chops. Meltzer appears groggy, ready to throw in the towel. Jubie, with super-human strength lifts Meltzer high into the air, tosses him across the ring. As a dazed Meltzer is down, Jubie climbs the ropes, leaps off the top of the ring post, delivers a flying headbutt. Jubie then twists Meltzer like a pretzel into the figure-four leglock. Meltzer's legs snap quickly. After the match Jubie receives several offers from Japan to be a top babyface. Enclosed is \$\$\$ for more issues!

Joe Zamora

Greenfield, CA

[Editor's note: Joe...what are you "cultivating" besides lettuce down there in the green



fields of Steinbeck Country and how much of it are you smokin' man?! Jeez, Joe. We do our best to bury the hatchet with Meltzer, end a bitter feud, make amends, and then some blood-thirsty, violence-crazed, Bowdren-the-Booker-type trouble-maker like you comes along, digs the feud up, polishes it off, and tries to blade Meltzer with it all over again. You should be ashamed, man! Actually, though, if Jubie were to win such a battle, I seriously doubt he would go to Japan. Down deep, I think the little Beaver Cleaver wants to go to Mexico and wrestle for AAA as Art Barr's mini-partner "El Hijo de Vibrator Boy" (AKA) The Leedle Luvvvv Musheen!" ]

### **The elixer of life...**

After a hard day at the office, I find laughter to be the elixer of life, with the only "serious" Sushi being those little marine creatures which cause diarrhea... Soooo, Cactus Jack and Yukon Eric lost ears. They should have done what med students have done for years: take the ear from a cadaver, drop it into a bowl of wonton soup, and have the waiter return the bowl to the kitchen!... The way Cactus is losing parts of his body, he'll soon join Flair, Arn, Ole, and Tully as the "Headless Horseman", turn from heel to face(less), or join AAA, team with El Espectorito as El Gordito and feud with Baba and Little Tokyo!

Richard Siegel, MD

Bethpage, New York

### **Regarding Sushi Mach III, or whatever this thing is called...**

It's Memorial Day, and I just got back from the wrestling cemetery where I laid a wreath on the grave of Ranger Ross' career! Regarding *Sushi Mach III*, or whatever this new thing is called, I can tell that the gimmick of revealing only a few letters of the new name at a time with each issue is a "Wheel of Fortune" rip-off designed to curry favor with game-show maniacs like Steve Beverly and Eric Bischoff. (If I send you all of my unused SASEs, can I buy a vowel?!) Still, I continue to be amazed at how your sphere of influence continues to grow. At a recent MONDAY NIGHT RAW taping here in Utica, one of the nuble cuties strutted around the ring with a sign that read, "I like Sushi 'cause it's RAW!"

Scott Cornish

New Hartford, New York

[Editor's note: Did this sheet and its predecessors create people like Mr. Cornish and Dr. Siegel (and the rest of you), or was it like the movie *FIELD OF DREAMS*? "Publish it and they will come!" The latter, I suspect.]

### **Almost cancelled his subscription...**

I am delighted to see you write about the Undertaker vs. Nixon (5/27 issue) rather than continue your *self-defeating, useless, pointless* war against Dave Meltzer and Wade Keller! I came "this close" to cancelling my subscription when you tried to trap me in the middle.

Jim Thompson

THE DETROIT NEWS

[Editor's note: As painful, but necessary and deserved, as it is to hear sentiments like the above (which accompanied a longer letter from Jim), it is representative of the "trapped" feeling many of you expressed as the "Son of" and my own attitude over the years became more and more overbearing toward Dave Meltzer. Actually, I've never had a legit problem with Wade, who, like the writer of the above letter, also experienced that caught in the middle feeling from time to time. Again, for people like Jim and Wade, and for others of you who found yourselves "trapped" by what was going on in this sheet awhile ago, I regret that the fallout spilled onto you, too. I can see how uncomfortable it must have been.]

**WWF Notes:** First Nikolai Volkoff and now The Undertaker? Isn't the resurrection of one dead wrestling career enough for Ted DeBiase? There is something perverse and yet delightful about Titan using Brian Lee as a phony Undertaker as either a "replacement" or as part of the angle where Paul Bearer confronts DeBiase with the real deal. The first thing that comes to my mind is how many WWF marks in the crowd think Lee actually is the real Undertaker. Next I wonder how many of them sense that Lee isn't the real McCoy, but in the past they've been asked to suspend such huge amounts of disbelief so often that their brains won't allow them to differentiate between the real Undertaker and a surrogate (even if the surrogate were a midget wearing a plastic mask.) Finally, what really concerns me, are the smart fans in the arena--or I should say loud-mouth, front row-sitting smart fans like Jeff Bowdren of *Chairshots*--who read the sheets, know for sure it isn't Marc Calloway, and start jumping up and down, brandishing hand-made signs, and screaming to the marks, "It's not the real Undertaker! It's Brian Lee! For God sakes, everyone, listen to me! It's Brian Lee!" as every mark in the house leans forward and whispers to his neighbor, "God, ain't it charitable that Vince sells tickets to all kinds of people, even people like that hyper guy down there at ringside? Yuk-yuk!"



# ^^^Mascarito Susheeto!^^^

Sushiland's view of the U.S. wrestling industry & hardcore fan effort to understand, appreciate, exploit and/or avoid Loochagrap! (Or... How to survive the Lucha Libre 'Invasion' without necessarily obsessing on it, speaking the language, flying to Mexico, or drinking the water!)

## Feature both Lucha and traditional-style on U.S. cards!

I watch Lucha Libre. The wrestling is wild. WCW, WWF, SMW, ECW cards and the cards of any other wrestling promotion would be much more entertaining if these promotions were able to acquire and properly use some of the wrestling talent from the Mexican promotions. Indeed, using Lucha wrestlers on American cards, along with the promotion's own wrestlers and American-styled matches, would be something exciting and new. Relative to WCW, and regarding Hulk Hogan, who is still the biggest player in the U.S. wrestling game, the upcoming Hogan-Flair feud has my interest, since both guys are legends, but I think WCW should begin to put more emphasis on the smaller, faster wrestlers who may very well be an important part of the future of the business.

Joe Zamora

Greenfield, Calif.

[Editor's note: I agree that interspersing American matches with Lucha Libre matches would make more sense than an immediate and total change over. Inserting one or two Lucha matches into the line-ups of any recent PPV or Clash would have made all of them, even the goods ones, just that much better, and would have given the fans time to learn more about and gain more of an appreciation for the Lucha style. I recall back in the mid-80s when Titan brought the Jump Bomb Angels girls tag-team from Japan into the U.S. for a brief run. No, they did not sell out arenas, and whereas their matches were hot and fun to watch, they probably were not responsible for putting more butts into the seats. Good as Japan women's wrestling was (and still is), however, for fan appeal, especially for most young mainstream fans, no form of women's wrestling (unless they could actually show naked women wrestling in apartments on public TV) has or would ever be able to match the fan appeal that I think Lucha can and will have with the young mainstream fans once the style sets its roots in this country.]

## Greatest Lucha weekend of my life!

Tijuana and Jake the blade on Friday. An insanity ridden EMLL show Saturday at the Olympic. Mando Guerro starting to shoot three times, and wiping out a five year old girl. Piloto flying almost into the second row, and wrecking his leg. Super Porky turning bright purple during an angina or heart attack in the ring. And Black Magic slapping the shit out of my friend Vampiro right at my feet.

Bob Barnett

Santa Monica, Calif.

## Slowly weave American wrestlers into the lucha matches...

Your embracing of lucha libre is to be commended, though I hope Titan and Turner still get plenty of your space. I've always felt zany in the past for preferring lucha (what little of it I've seen) to some All Japan matches (I hate that All Japan spot where pins are routinely broken in tag matches and nothing is done by the ref. I may be marking myself with that point, though it still doesn't seem very realistic.) My idea for lucha in the U.S. is to weave the style into TBS Saturday Night by bringing in four or so luchadores and have weekly tag matches, flip-flopping partners weekly to get over athleticism rather than feuds, but keeping these matches "separate" from the WCW storylines. Then on the third or fourth week, have Austin or Golden come out and verbally abuse the luchadores and their style, slowly weaving the Americans into matches. The Americans don't have to job right away, but I'd have them sell and then put over the style.

Greg Petrsino

Bel Air, MD

Lucha notes: Difficult to believe that John Arezzi's departure from IWC was an easy one. ... Just noticed two other sheets will begin regular coverage of lucha: the Torch is running brief weekly reviews of the Saturday Galavision shows by former *Three Count* columnist Carlos Rey (who might be a bit rusty as he called 200-pound plus Mascara Sagrada and Black Cat midgets.) It looks like the July 24, AAA/IWC debut in NY will be covered like ants on melted candy by Georgiann Makropoulos and crew who put out the sassy 20 to 30 page monthly Wrestling Chatterbox for \$2.50 at 23-44 30th Drive, Astoria, New York 11102-3252. Something about this sheet Jubie Jay and I just love.

Again, this sheet will return next week with our own views of KING OF THE RING, Sabu's visit to San Jose, WCW's important CLASH, and the Barr-Guerrero lucha libre-styled "Family Reunion" up in Washington state (where a lot of minds should get blown.) After the "special" ish, we'll return with steroids trial commentary and our post 7/17 BASH spin! See ya!--JDM